Number 19
November 27, 1978
OUR LADY OF THE
MIRACULOUS MEDAL

SANGRE DE CRISTO NEWSNOTES

BY FATHER DANIEL E. JONES • BOX 89, WESTCLIFFE, COLORADO 81252 • (303) 783-2491

News and Views

The beautiful season of fall has made its debut felt in our enchanting mile-high state of Colorado. As I'm writing this on September 30th, resplendent groves of iridescent orange and flaming red aspens flanked with amber oak brush and enhanced with the now ravishingly-colored alpine undergrowth, are transforming our majestic mountain hillsides and valleys into one of the most magnificent of nature's annual arrays. This awesome scenery and the special soothingly aromatic fall scents in the air, sure do trigger the ol' memory cells to recall the pleasant falls of the past and bring up the adrenalin in anticipation to the approach of the big game and upland bird hunting seasons. And wouldn't you know this is also the best time of the year for fishing. As you might imagine, I really relish this time of year and the privilege of living where there is so delightfully mirrored some of the beauty, sereneness and awesome majesty of our Creator.

During August I spent four refreshing days in the high Montana mountain country doing a little backpacking and fishing with the Doug Getz family from Helena. I then flew to Powers Lake, North Dakota to help out with the annual Pilgrimage at the National Shrine of Our Lady of the Prairies. From there I had to fly on to Rapid City, South Dakota (over 300 miles away) for an August 13th Sunday evening Mass. As no commercial flights were available, I ended up hiring a pilot and small two-seater plane for the trip. Unexpectedly we ran out of fuel some ten miles north of the Rapid City airport and had to make an emergency landing in a horse pasture—no injuries or damage. The Mass that evening had to be postponed for four hours, though.

Since the last newsletter thirteen generous subscribers have contributed to the SDCN advertising fund. Well over 100 new subscriptions have come in since June 14, mostly as a result of the new ads which I was enabled to put in several national publications. So thank all of you who have subscribed, and thank you benefactors who are helping me reach this new audience.

I have decided to go ahead and make the effort to put out the Sangre De Cristo Newsnotes on a quarterly basis, i.e. four times a year. So preparations are already underway to get out another issue yet this year, around the end of December.

I hope you will find some uplifting and enlightening food for thought in the pages of this issue. Don't miss the stirring "Coming Home" story by Teresa Benns on pages 6 and 7. Also, you'll notice from the photos on page 11 that the fishing wasn't too bad this past summer.

If it wasn't for this gentleman, I wouldn't be here today. He's my Dad! He, too, enjoys the beautiful Sangre de Cristo mountains.

Thank you, Dad, for teaching me how to hunt and fish.

A lovely view of the south end of the Wet Mountain Valley and the North and South Colony drainages in the Sangre de Cristo range. Just to the right of center you see Humboldt Peak (14,075). Crestone Needle (14,191) is sort of hiding behind, jutting up to the right, of Humboldt Peak in this photo.

August 4-11, 1978

"The Trilateral Commission doesn't secretly run the world. The Council on Foreign Relations does that." — Winston Lord, president of the Council on Foreign Relations.

—from Woman's Wear, a bi-monthly women's fashion magazine.

Constance Getz and Jeff House of Helena, Montana, on their wedding day, April 22, 1978. Theirs was one of several weddings I had this year.

February 5, 1977, was a big day for Chris Schulte and Barrie Shaw of Helena, Montana. I had the pleasure of witnessing their marriage that day and of accepting Barrie into the Catholic Church. They are now the proud parents of a darling baby girl, Sarah Anne.

Last summer I took this picture of Colette Tihista by her mother's favorite statue. She wasn't about to let me photograph her missing two front teeth. Her father, Ron Tihista, is the ORCM chief advisor in Great Falls, Montana.

We are taxed in our bread and our wine, in our incomes and our investments, on our land and on our property not only for base creatures who do not deserve the name of men, but for foreign nations, complaisant nations who will bow to us and accept our largesse and promise us to assist in keeping of the peace, these mendicant nations who will destroy us when we show a moment of weakness or our treasury is bare, and surely it is becoming bare. We are taxed to maintain legions on their soil, in the name of law and order and the Pax Romana, a document which will fall into dust when it pleases our allies and our vassals. We keep them in precarious balance only with our gold. Is the heartblood of our nation worth these? Were they bound to us with ties of love, they would not ask our gold. They take our very flesh, and they hate and despise us. And who shall say we are worthy of more? When a government becomes powerful it is destructive, extravagant and violent; it is an usurer which takes bread from innocent mouths and deprives honorable men of their substance, for votes with which to perpetuate itself.

–Cicero, 54 B.C.

SANGRE DE CRISTO NEWSNOTES is edited and published periodically (not less than 3 times a year) by Father Daniel E. Jones. Although your editor is a member of the Orthodox Roman Catholic Movement, this publication is not an official organ of the O.R.C.M.

****** SUBSCRIPTIONS ******

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EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER.—To His Excellency, Dr. Ernesto Corripio Ahumada, Archbishop of the Post-Conciliar Church of the Archdiocese of Mexico. (By Gloria Riestra).

Translation by Mrs. Henrietta Davis of El Paso, Texas.

Lordship:

Truly, I have spent much time in thought, before addressing these pages to you, after all that has occurred, involving unbelieveable treason against the True Catholic Church; it has not only failed to move us, but conversely, it has moved you to collaborate with it.

It seems there is nothing left to say to you, especially at a time when the Postconciliar Church has elevated you so you may more fully cooperate in its effort to implement a shameful establishment not only of modernism but of supreme heresy, surpassing everything imagineable, all of which you approve. Catholics who are as stunned as I (and not only Catholics but all those who possess even an elementary knowledge of religion, who understand that the church you direct is no longer the Catholic Church) who knowing of my conservatism must wonder why I address you as Excellency since it is an honorary title given members of the True Church, but not to those who cooperate with heresy. This is why I do not use the title "Excellency" as I did in former normal times. In a few words I will explain why I address you as "Lordship."

To our immense grief you are obviously deeply immersed in progressive heresy. Such being the case, in accordance with the Law of the True Church you are not qualified to hold any jurisdiction in the Church. Also, you have lost all the jurisdictions you held prior to your claudication. For another reason, neither will it be true for future history to say that you have been what it is said you will be, since your appointment was given you by one who also lacks rights of jurisdiction in the Church, a supporter of heretics who will be the one to bring to fruition the golden dream of secular enemies of the Holy Church, by whom you have permitted yourself to be led to the point of "not recognizing the 'Body of the Lord'" and changing yourself into the defender of the communion for heretics—among many other contradictions of the Catholic Faith . . .

At this late date, I repeat, words seem superfluous. Between Your Lordship and this, your servant, all that is possible to say has already been expressed during the short period when we discussed the subject of the Church after I became aware of the great conspiracy, when you proposed I participate. And yes, all has been said because knowing the basics on the subject, it is simple enough; it adds up to the fact that we do not profess the same faith; that Your Lordship no longer speaks the same theological language which Your Lordship himself taught me; that there are no more reasons, logic, scholastics, infallible magisterium, immutable dogmas; for these reasons our thoughts have no possible point of convergence since I and millions of other Catholics over the world believe that the Church cannot change, especially to the point of unrecognition and as one repudiating itself, using the sole pretext that "it must change because the world is changing". And you, Lordship, never indicated another reason when I asked questions concerning the strange arbitrations, in fact, threats of the Divine Law, and your own words which like a refrain, are now repeated as the supreme response in the new schismatic church: ". . . the world is changing, the Church must change". And is this not a proposition condemned by the True Catholic Church, especially Vatican I?

And when the world has not been changing, when the Church in its magisterium, in its worship, in its discipline, are not subject to the progress of the world, as though the faith were watching to see whether travel was being done by coach, train or jet? But this comprises your total faith now, just like your blind obedience to Paul VI, although all evidence shows his mistakes—that he compromises and betrays the Faith and the Church . . .

This wicked document titled "Loyalty to the Church" which you and the schismatic Mexican bishops had the temerity of giving to us Catholics as though we were a mob of ignoramuses incapable of elementary logic and lacking a minimum sense of the Catholic Faith, systhesizes the skillful and insidious manner—the manner in which the great problem of doubt which disturbingly has appeared—is resolved, though you may deny it or minimize it; and has become the state of mind of the majority of Catholics. To all our questions you respond simply; ". . . the world is changing and the Church must change". But then, worse: what I once heard from your lips (as God is my witness), and what a priest told me he heard from Bishop Cueto while speaking at a reunion of priests who were greatly worried at the forced contradiction to their consciences: You, Lordship, told me in a loud voice: "If the Pope errs, it is his responsibility; you are duty bound to follow him". "It is his responsibility".

But, are we going to be judged by the consciences of others, whether they be popes or not, if we are aware that we are being forced to do something against our Faith, and not only just anything, but to work and collaborate in the destruction of the whole Church? This is the simplest of excuses, together with the stupid and many times condemned pretext of "change because the world changes", which sprouted from the caverns of the enemies, as you Lordship, well know . . .

This is less than a quarter of Gloria Riestra's powerful letter. I understand she is a well known Catholic writer in Mexico. I only wish you could read her **entire** letter.—Father Jones.

AVE MARIA

OUR LADY STAR OF THE SEA RECTORY
405 VENETA AVENUE
BREMERTON, WASHINGTON 98310

September 6, 1978

Mr. Charles Young
2137 - 5th Street
Bremerton, Wash. 98310

Dear Charlie:

Yesterday I was shocked and saddened to receive the letter announcing your decision to leave the Catholic Church and to affiliate with the so-called "Traditionalist" schism. While I knew of your emotional attachment to the Latin Mass (and could appreciate this nostalgia), somehow I had presumed always that you had a strong enough faith and enough intelligence to remain loyal to the Church. Apparently I never realized the extent to which you were hurting. I feel guilty now, as your former pastor, that I did not discuss these problems with you more seriously before you made such a foolish and tragic move.

You say in this letter that you struggled and prayed before you made this decision. Perhaps so, but I still find it hard to believe that you fully grasp the gravity of what you are doing - or the kind of scandal that you are giving to those who once respected you. You are not simply switching parishes or opting for a "Tridentine" Mass. By joining this schismatic sect you are openly declaring your apostasy from the Catholic Church - and for those who once thought better of you, this is a very sad tragedy indeed.

There is, after all, only one Catholic Church - and that is the Church headed by the Pope and by the bishops who are in communion with him. The Church is not vestments or any one special liturgical language. The Church does not exist except under the authority of the successors of Peter and the Apostles. To leave their jurisdiction and to reject their authority is to reject the Church. And, as far as I am concerned, to reject the Church is to reject Christ Himself.

The fundamental question, you see, is not whether you prefer the reformed Mass rites of 1570 or the reformed Mass rites of 1970. The only real question is whether you do or do not accept the living authority of the Catholic Church which stands behind these changes. The authority which Jesus Christ gave to His Church is valid in every generation - in 1970 as well as 1570 - and it is valid whether you personally like what it decrees or not. To remain loyal to the Church only when the Church teaches you what you want to hear is not faith at all - and certainly is not Catholicism. No matter how much window dressing of Catholicism your new-found friends may use, they (like the Episcopalians) are simply following the Protestant option of every man for himself in religion.

The Lefebrve schism (and its inevitable splinter groups) fits nicely into an historical pattern. For nearly two thousand years now, after every single one of the great ecumenical councils, there has always been a schism of those who rejected the decrees of this latest council. What happened after Nicea and Ephesus and Chalcedon and Trent and First Vatican is happening again now

after the Second Vatican Council. Like the "Old Catholics" in 1870 (who rejected Vatican I) and like every break-away before them, your new schismatic friends are playing the same tired old record that the Pope and everyone else is wrong and that they alone are "orthodox", they alone are following "tradition", etc., etc. And like all those before them who sacrificed unity for their own peculiar version of "tradition", your friends too are going down a dead end road which leads nowhere except to a total rejection of the Catholic Faith. As one who once thought of you as a friend in Christ, it is heart rendering to watch you being duped by this same pitiful nonsense.

Your name has already been removed from our parish register and tomorrow night I shall have to ask that someone be named to take the place you have vacated on the parish council. I know that I speak for all the council members in thanking you for the help that you gave while you were still among us. I am sure too that the other members will be as saddened as I am by the decision you have chosen to make.

For the present then I guess that I can only pray for you and ask others to pray that you will come back to your senses. Within about three weeks I am leaving for Rome for several months of study. While I am there, I promise to pray often for you at the tomb of St. Peter - that, in God's good time, you will return to the unity of Holy Church.

May God have mercy on you.

Sincerely,

Donald Conger

(Rev.) Donald Conger

Mr. Charles Young is a supporter of the Orthodox Roman Catholic Movement, Inc. attending the traditional Latin Mass at our center in Tacoma, Washington. With his permission I decided to print the above letter from Father Conger, whom Charles tells me, is very liberal but basically honest. If, in fact he is honest, then there may yet be hope for him. In fact, it's possible, once he understands the overal situation better, that Father Donald Conger may join us and be one of our most ardent apostles. Father has apparently been conditioned to pigeon hole anyone who would keep the traditional faith and liturgy of the Catholic Church as automatically being schismatic. I would agree with Father that "the Church does not exist except under the authority of the successors of Peter and the Apostles. To leave their jurisdiction and to reject their authority is to reject the Church". If he were to more carefully examine the conduct of Vatican II, Rome and most modern Catholic Bishops, he would see that they publicly, unabashedly ignore and contradict the sacred decrees and mandates of their predecessors and have as a matter of fact rejected at whim the authority of their predecessors. Where is their submission to the Quo Primum Bull of St. Pope Pius V? Where is their adherence to the oath against Modernism and solemn warnings of the 20th century Pope St. Pius X? What of their **defiance** of recent Papal encyclicals on Socialism, Masonry, Communism and Ecumenism? If Father Conger were only to take a deep and honest look into Michael Davies' excellent setting forth of facts in his **Liturgical Revolution** trilogy of books (reviewed on the next page of this newsletter), he would probably apologize for the misleading and totally inaccurate comparisons, he would have Mr. Young bow to, in the latter part of his letter. Bishop St. Athanasius and his flock were for years ostracised by the "establishment Catholic Church" of the 4th century. The "establishment" Bishops then were practically all adherents to the Arian Heresy. Practically the entire hierarchy of today's "Catholic Church" adhere to the heresy of Modernism described by Pope St. Pius X. Today's apostacy in the ranks of the Church hierarchy and clergy makes one think of the Great Apostacy foretold by St. Paul. St. Augustine in his work **The City of God** (as I recall Therese Ichingher told me it was on page 435 of an English translation she possesses) asks the question: When the Great Apostacy spoken of by St. Paul occurs, will it pretend to be the church of the Devil? No, he replies, it will pretend to be the true Catholic Church! I'm confident that if Father Conger is honest and intends to live and die a **faithful** Catholic he will do something to rectify his current de facto support of "the"? great apostacy.

coming home

by Teresa L. Benns
Denver, Colorado

I dropped the boys off at their respective CCD rooms, pausing briefly to reassure my four-year old I would only be down the hall. I found the room, five doors away, and headed for an empty desk towards the back. I was not optimistic about the outcome of this session. Others sat and chatted, obviously already acquainted. Shortly, a young man entered the room, his curly hair shoulder length, wearing a plaid flannel shirt, dark slacks and "earth shoes." He appeared to be the lay leader of our parents discussion group, and the active talking died down to occasional murmers as he took his place at the desk facing us all. We began by discussing the progress of the Church through the centuries; the different councils, the changes made. Eventually, we made our way to the Ecumenical Council (our leader had to ask one of the group to spell "Ecumenical" for him). We started with the reign of Pope John described by our lay person as ". . . a dear little man . . . you just wanted to kiss his shiny little head." I'm afraid I blanched somewhat. Few of the group members knew very much about the history of the Church after 1959, and I was no exception. With little more to discuss, the session ended with a hurried ad libbed prayer and homework instructions on Post-1959 Church history. I gathered up some papers on the Ecumenical Council to take with me, and made my way to the door. A small group of parents had gathered around the leader, and I heard one of them address him as father. Surely, not, I told myself. So I asked a woman standing nearby who this man was. "Why, that's Father _____ the assistant pastor here." She smiled, clearly amused at my open-mouthed stare. Well, my worst suspicions had only been confirmed after all. I collected the kids and drove home. The despair that had assailed me for nearly nine years came crashing down full force, as I realized that the Church I had known and loved as a child had vanished without a trace.

I was born in a small Kansas town, and baptized in the church my mother had attended most of her life. My German grandmother's name was Therese, my mother's middle name Teresa, and so I became Teresa Louise, baptized in St. Teresa's Church by the very Monsignor who had married my mother and father.

We moved some 60 miles from that small town but we came to visit my maternal grandmother every other weekend. In that highly humid climate, Mass could truly be termed an ordeal on certain Sundays. But the Monsignor never considered the heat sufficiently oppressive to shorten his sermons. I can remember staring lazily at the lovely arch above the altar, painted cherubs with tiny wings hovered there, and they fascinated me. My mother's sorrow was the loss of a child by miscarriage and I like to think one of the cherubs might be the baby brother or sister I had never known. It helped to pass the time while Monsignor thundered warnings from the heighth of his pulpit, pausing only to mop his brow. The stained glass windows came after the cherubs. I have yet to see more brilliantly illustrated events in the life of Christ. Certainly none of the modern stained glass art could compare. And the statues seemed to such a small child living entities; the slight inclination of Mary's dainty head, her tender smile, made me feel truly loved. And the huge lifelike crucifix that hung by the confessional; it reminded us all how cruelly Jesus had suffered. **This** was the Church I loved. My religious roots as it were.

The Church stopped feeding those roots in the early 1960's. Since that time, they have succeeded in uprooting and destroying the flower that was Christ's Church on earth. It happened at a time in my life when I could least afford it. I was a young teen, a girl who had attended Catholic school for eight years, when the changes went into effect. I had memorized the Mass in Latin. I had sung the beautiful Latin hymns in my 8th Grade Choir, the same hymns sung by generations of German Catholics in my family. I felt utterly and totally bereft when these things ceased to exist, bereft and angry. Growing up in the late sixties, it happened at a time when Catholic youth needed the Church the most. We were just entering our teens and political and social unrest were just beginning to make the headlines. As pre-teens, we had witnessed the televised assination of the first Catholic president. Before the end of high school we were to see Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy die in the same fashion. In a world gone mad, (and, become steadily more insane every day), we had lost the rock Christ bade Peter to found his church on. With everything changing we needed our faith to remain unchanging, as it had down through the centuries. We didn't really want the Church to bow to our generation with guitar Masses, folk hymns, and the sign of peace. We wanted Her to be the one to say no, to remain our spiritual guide. But then, we had no say, no vote, in the matter. It was assumed the new Church would please us. Many of our parents who had sacrificed much to send us to Catholic schools felt bitterily betrayed, and rightly so. They had molded their lives around the Commandments and Church law, only to see much of that life negated. I remember a far sighted comment, made by my mother to the pastor of our parish. A grand new Church had been built, and Father was exceedingly proud of the abstract stained glass windows, and the modern mosaic flanking the altar. As he greeted his parishioners after Mass, he asked each how they liked the new church. My mother's response was cryptic, but honest, "It's lovely," she told him , "for a Protestant church."

Like many of my contemporaries, I remained Catholic long enough to finish my CCD classes and marry in the Church. During that time, I was to witness even more drastic changes in the Mass. To the horror of many, the assistant pastor in our parish left the Church to marry a nun. And, the succession of young priests who followed, seemed only empty shells of their predecessors, spouting peace, love, and understanding, in place of obedience, self-discipline and everything in moderation. Fortunately, my husband and I moved a lot after we married. He is a non-Catholic, and I seldom attended Mass. It was simply too painful. I went to be filled spiritually, but left emptier than I came. It was after the birth of my first child that a terrible struggle and subsequent despair began. I wanted to be a practicing Catholic, but I could not accept what the Church had become. So, I attended Mass briefly during each pregnancy, going only long enough to insure the baptism of the baby. After that, a huge abyss loomed. I could not bring my children up in the faith I had treasured as a child. So, I taught them myself, as best as I could. Sunday became a day of dread; the guilt was tremendous. But I could not bring myself to attend a Church I did not believe in. From comparing notes with many of my Catholic friends and acquaintances, many of them pursued much the same course as I did. Only a few totally accepted the new Church. Some of them maintain a personal relationship with God, some attend Mass only occasionally. Others have converted to the Mormon, B'hai, or Jehovah Witness faiths, all three zealous in their beliefs, as the Church once was. Still others are adrift on the current sea of agnosticism, embracing astrology, reincarnation, ESP and astral travel. For them, there is no port in sight.

The establishment "Catholic Church" bemoans the loss of its younger members. And yet, they have done away with the very things that have attracted millions of converts down through the centuries: Latin, the universal language of the Church, the language spoken in much of the Roman Empire at the time of Christ's crucifixion; the Tridentine Mass, that true celebration of the sacrifice of Jesus on Calvary where we are able to receive His Body and Blood in the Holy Eucharist; Confession, whereby we received pardon for our sins in the privacy of a confessional.

The Church's greatest strength has always been its direct authorization by Christ, and the institution of its Sacraments by Him. Jesus was alive in the True Faith and the apostles instructed **their** successors to emulate Christ, to teach and live a chaste life as He did, to be a spiritual model. And now more than ever, Catholics need a spiritual model. I remember the procession of patient, gentle priests who taught us religion. They never lacked a good sense of humor, but they reverenced the sanctity of the Church and the Holy Father. And, when it came to sin, why sin was a sin. There were no extenuating circumstances. God would know the circumstances, and judge us accordingly. We loved those priests, and looked to them for a good example. They always provided it, and they had our respect. We now have peers, contemporaries for our spiritual models. They pacify us with halfway measures, or "understanding" excusing our sins away, rather than forgiving them. If we do not have a mark to measure up to, how can we become more pleasing to God? By lowering its past standards of expected conduct from its priest, nuns, and congregations, the traditional Church has, in effect, lowered the spiritual heights we might aspire to. The Church has admitted that in this day and age we cannot become what God would have us become—a little closer to perfection. No wonder so many of the faithful, striving to better themselves for years, have turned away from the Church, bitter and disillusioned. It was the bitterness and anger that sent me searching. Surely a remnant of the Church could be found somewhere. At the time I began my search many cults had sprung up as a result of the dissidence in the Traditional Church. I had to proceed cautiously. I first heard of ORCM on television. Our Lady of Victory had just opened up, and the reporter was trying to explain the Church's relationship to "the" Catholic Church. He explained that not many of these churches were yet in existence, and while they were not sanctioned by the Vatican, no official action had yet been taken to condemn them, either. The report stuck in my mind. It sounded as though to attend this church, one would have to accept the fact that eventually the implied threat of excommunication might become a reality. No Catholic is his or her right mind would make a decision such as this without a thorough examination of conscience and much diligent soul-searching. I waited one year, weighing the risks. I wanted to make sure that my husband and I had settled permanently in one place before I began going. I wanted the children to know I had finally found a church of their own. I first attended Mass at Our Lady of Victory Chapel in November, 1977. (This after one last attempt at being a novus ordo Catholic.) I read the literature on Archbishop Lefevbre, and listened carefully to Father Fenton's tape. Again, I weighed the advantages/disadvantages. But all the time, I knew. It had happened when I attended that first Mass, heard the prayers at the foot of the altar once more in Latin. Here was the Church of my youth, here lie the renewal of my bond with Christ. At Communion the choir sang my beloved Panis Angelicus. At that moment, I knew—I had come home.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE CRUSADERS

(Sung to Battle Hymn of the Republic)

1.

Our eyes have seen the desecration of the Church of God,
The ways scorned and paths abandoned which the Fathers faithful trod,
Novus Ordo substituted for the Mass of old,
Desolation long foretold!

CHORUS

MIGHTY HOSTS OF GOD WITH US,
MIGHTY HOSTS OF GOD WITH US,
MIGHTY HOSTS OF GOD WITH US,
CHURCH MILITANT TO THE END.

2.

Rise ye Catholics worthy of that name divine!
Hold the ramparts of Tradition raised from Apostolic times,
And though the Church in us be but a remnant in our day,
Faithful to her we will stay.

3.

The blood of martyrs has been shed for that which we must save,
Popes and Saints of old have taught Tradition shows the Cath'lic way.
No changes will we brook that compromise our Faith divine,
Come rack, come rope, come fine!

4.

With Christ our King and Mary our Queen we'll fight this new Crusade
Against the enemy within the fold that Cath'lic masquerades.
The gates of hell may well assail but never will prevail -
The Church goes marching on!

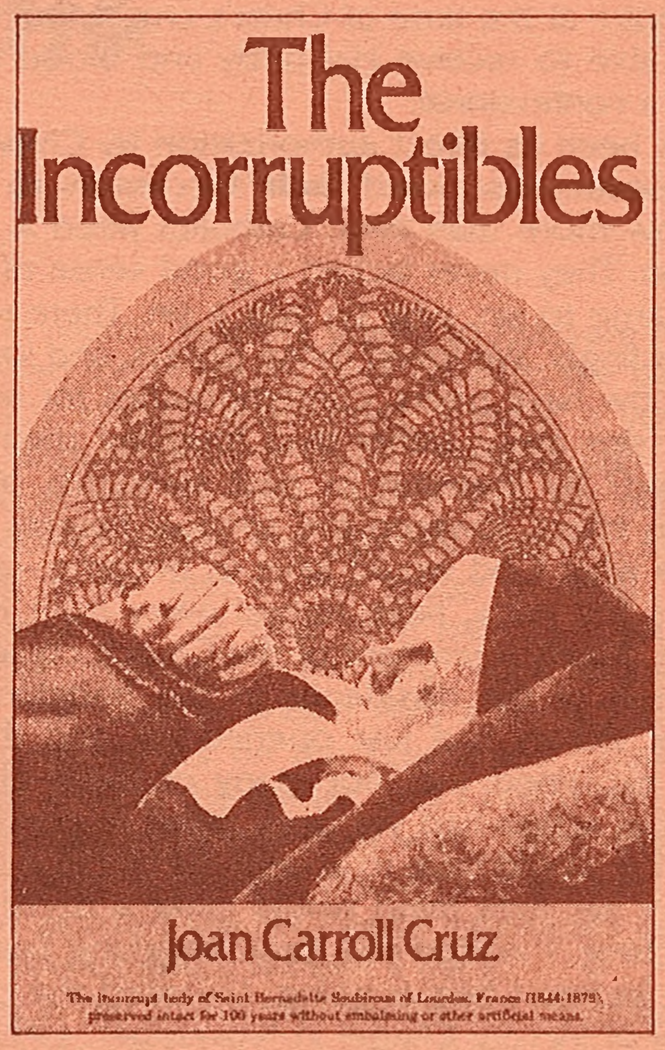
(Anonymous)

Saints' Bodies Defied Corruption

The Incorruptibles, by Joan Carroll Cruz (Tan Books, Box 424, Rockford, Ill. 61105, 302 pp., $5).

This is the first popular book-length treatment on the miraculous preservation of the bodies of certain saints that I have seen. Mrs. Cruz, a free-lance author, knows how to investigate sources. She has done a remarkably thorough job, in brief compass, of compiling records of incorruption in the bodies of 102 saints and *beati* from St. Cecilia of the second-century Catacombs to St. Charbel Makhlouf (d. 1898).

To some this subject seems macabre, even ghoulish. Many people are shocked when they hear of how the bodies of some saints have been dismembered and preserved as relics. But in Mrs. Cruz' factual narrative there is no atmosphere of gloom; running through it is the spirit of job at these special assurances God has given us that the corruption of our own bodies will not last but will rise again in glorious resurrection. The faithful have always seen in the corruption of the grave a special sign of man's Fall. Supernatural incorruption is a divine witness to the holiness of the person during life, although we must hasten to add that incorruption, by itself, does not mean that the person was a saint and that most bodies of saints decay as do others, and even the bodies that have been found incorrupt after a long time generally disintegrate later. Also, no body we now have is quite the same as on the day of death. For instance, the face of St. Bernadette Soubirous (d. 1879) appears to be that of one fallen asleep but we are told that the face has been coated with wax. Even so, the cases of preservation of which we have photographic evidence cannot be explained except by supernatural intervention.


The Incorruptibles
Joan Carroll Cruz
The incorrupt body of Saint Bernadette Soubirous of Lourdes, France (1844-1879), preserved intact for 100 years without embalming or other artificial means.

Mrs. Cruz thus sums up the evidence: "How else (than by supernatural intervention) can the existence of these relics be explained when it is considered that many of these saints died of diseases and infirmities that so vigorously assaulted their bodies as to extinguish life? How else can we explain their existence when they were not embalmed and when their internal parts contained all manner of corruptible materials? How could some have resisted extreme dampness, which encourages dissolution, or burial without benefit of a coffin? How could they resist the countless bacteria which are attracted not only to living bodies, but, especially, to those that are devoid of living forces to challenge them? If living flesh is so delicate and prone to infirmities, how can these bodies, which are unable to heal or restore themselves, endure throughout the centuries exposure to various climates, fluctuating levels of humidity and temperature, frequent reclothings, the taking of relics, and countless probings during periodic examinations? That some bodies which are now somewhat discolored exist at all, in spite of these factors, is no less a marvel. But what of those that are perfectly preserved?" — P.H. Hallett

TRADITIONAL LATIN MASS

Christmass 1978
7:00 p.m.

Celebrant:
Father Mario P. Blanco

at

U.N.M. Alumni Chapel
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Our Lady of the Rosary - O.R.C.M.

THIS is the Traditional Mass according to the Roman Missal codified by Pope St. Pius V in 1570 as directed by the Council of Trent. The Orthodox Roman Catholic Movement sponsors this Mass in Albuquerque and 24 other Mass centers as part of a growing world-wide movement to return to the "Mass of All Time" as the answer to the grave problems confronting Holy Mother Church -and therefore the world. We welcome your presence and support.

Book Reviews

Analogy Drawn Between Liturgical Changes of Cranmer's Time and Today

Liturgical Revolution, Vol. I. Cranmer's Godly Order, by Michael Davies $3.00
162 pp. with index and notes,

This book is the first of three by this traditionalist English author having to do with changes in the Church today. Although the present volume deals only with the abolition of the Mass in 16th Century England, it is clear what Davies is looking forward to. He is providing an analogy between the Liturgical changes of Cranmer's time and those of today.

Davies has done his homework well. He first introduces the reader to the fundamental doctrinal distinctions between Catholics and Reformed, which explain why the latter had to reject the sacrifice of the Mass if they were to be consistent with their theological principles.

In the second part of his carefully reasoned argument, Davies shows how the Mass as it was hitherto known as gradually changed by Archbishop Cranmer until it bore little semblance to the old Mass. In 1549 a series of omissions were introduced into the Edwardian Prayer Book of which the evident purpose was to eliminate the idea of sacrifice. By 1552 the process was complete.

Davies is a clear writer and informed and persuasive thinker. In addition to the light his study throws on present Liturgical innovations, his work makes overwhelmingly clear that after Cranmer the Anglican Ordinal could not have ordained true priests, because of its rejection of the notion of the Mass as a sacrifice. — P.H. Hallett

Liturgical Revolution: Vol. II: Pope John's Council, by Michael Davies
1977, 336 pp. with index, $6.50

This is the central and most important member of a tripartite series by this traditionalist English Catholic author on the changes in the Church. For the present volume "Liturgical Revolution" affords no adequate clue to its contents, since the subject is Vatican II itself, liturgical changes being only incidental.

The nearest companion to this work I know is Fr. Ralph Wiltgen's book of 10 years past, *The Rhine Flows into the Tiber.* Davies recounts, as does Wiltgen, many of the incidents that went on in the Council and gives a critical assessment of its personalities, motives, and influences. The rest of the book is concerned with the subsequent influence of the Council.

Davies is a careful and diligent scholar with good theological acumen. Not for him any frenetic charges of "heresy" or "invalidity" against Vatican II. He takes a dim view of the Council but he carries balance in his judgement.

Our author believes that "up to the present Vatican II has produced no good fruits." He admits that the Council was prevented by the Holy Ghost from teaching heresy but adds that the assistance of the Holy Ghost does not imply that the conciliar documents "invariably explain the faith in the clearest possible manner or that, indeed, it might not have been far better had the Council never been convoked."

Making a distinction between the Council as an event (that is, the influence of the men it brought to prominence) and the final texts whereby it taught the Church, Davies holds that Vatican II, as an event, is directly responsible for the resurgence and current ascendency of Modernism within the Church — not because there is any heresy within its official documents but because it enabled neo-Modernists to obtain key positions within the conciliar commissions and to minimize, as far as possible, the intended effect of the official documents. A revealing chapter or two is devoted to the influence wielded by "the Rhine Bishops" (principally from Germany, France, and the Low Countries), who managed to gain control of the commissions, and even more by the influence of their often liberal theologians or *periti,* who sometimes determined what was to be proposed or rejected. Thus he tells how Fr. Edward Schillebeeckx had the power and influence to secure the rejection of a carefully prepared set of schemata for discussion by the Council, which was forward-looking and yet traditional.

The Fathers in former Councils may have suffered from the influence of Emperors and nobles. In Vatican II, Davies shows the interference was exerted by a liberal press, which slanted the news and unduly influenced many Bishops.

As to the final conciliar texts, Davies finds many of them verbose and imprecise in language. This failing gave a handle for those theologians who claimed from the Council a freedom it did not give. Davies also castigates the omissions of the Council, notably its neglect to condemn specifically contraception and Communism. He believes that these inadequacies and omissions left theological "time bombs," which would explode later.

This monumental work should be read by all serious students of the contemporary malaise of the Church. — P.H. Hallett

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The conclusion of the excellent article "Socrates" by Clifford F. Thomallo. Cliff is one of the most interesting and wholeheartedly dedicated traditional Catholics I know.

"You've told us of the government in the Church, how atheism, pantheism, masonry, have poisoned the minds of men, women and children, stealing from them all thought of principles that tell them right from wrong—till society has returned again to a jungle-state where men are like the animals of the wilds, tearing at each other's substance that once gave order to the people of the world who yearned for God.

"All these things you've told me many times before—and more: You've pointed out how our leaders from the top to the bottom rung have given away the substance of our America that kept us strong in the sight of God and Man.

"I've seen our president, our representatives, the judicial branch of government, all work overtime to give our know-how, our energy and strength, to the enemy at home and to the enemy across the sea. I've seen our children led astray, their minds twisted with violence till sex and murder, pornography, abortion, have all become the vogue.

"But tell me, Sir, how will you change these things that are the stones upon which our nation stands? You've pointed your finger at the filth, the disease that corrupts spiritually and physically. All these things you've told me so many times that my head rings with their soundings. What good is all this preaching of yours when our Church and country lose their heritage? How can you continue on—when you show so few results, if any at all? Tell me something new! Something encouraging. Something I can take back home and enjoy. Tell me something besides this gloomy realism you dwell upon. I see the disease. I see what's wrong. But tell me what's right today when good men of yesteryear make bad men of today? Tell me, how will you make bad men good, slave men free—when treason's not treason, and murder is not murder?"

"Information to the masses," I said in defense. "Is this not what the prophets did—Jesus, the Apostles. Information to the masses! I know that I am right. It's God's own program."

"God's program!" Socrates almost exploded. "God's program is one of prayer."

I waited a long moment before I replied:

"Socrates, your statement is a common one . . . and this thinking keeps us helplessly inactive on the battlefront. Follow me now. Listen to what I say—and see if you can agree:

"All through scripture, the old and new testaments alike, we see action, the exposing of evil, the telling of the truth. Were Jesus and His Apostles to have only prayed, you and I would not—could not—be Catholics today. We are in the Faith only because the Son of God and his disciples went about telling the Good News about salvation, the redemption of men's souls. They preached to the masses, telling them of the kingdom of heaven, exposing the devil and his followers—and all their evil ruses and pretenses that would ensnare the innocent and keep them from God's kingdom. Is this not what I am trying to do—tell the good of Church and State and their relationship to God? Did Jesus not call the devil by his name: a liar, a deceivor? The Apostles did not die as martyrs because they prayed. Jesus did not die on the cross because He prayed in the garden, on the mountaintop. The enemies of Jesus nailed Him to the cross because he exposed evil and revealed His divinity in word and action—by driving the moneychangers from the house of God, working miracles, curing the sick and raising the dead. He called evil by its true name—Satanism.

"'Tis the same devil in the saddle today, going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. I would uncover him even as the Apostles did—that souls may be saved, that the Church may grow strong, and that our beloved America might recover the freedom that she's lost."

"I admire your optimism," Socrates finally offered as a premium for his negativism—then immediately buried the premium with: "You've tried so long—to no avail."

"Socrates," I said, feeling sorry for the despair that was so evident in his eyes, "I'm going to tell you about a prophet of the Old Testament: Isaiah. There was a time when he felt even as you—disheartened, discouraged, despairing, ready to give up the fight . . . and in his despair, he left his homeland and headed for the "hills" so to speak . . . But God was mindful of him, asking his reason for despair, his departure from the Great City . . . and Isaiah replied: 'There is none who will listen to me and my prophesies inspired by YOU, my HEAVENLY FATHER.' Then God spoke to Isaiah, telling him: 'There are seven thousand souls in the Great City from which you are fleeing, waiting for your word. They are the REMNANT. You do not know them. Yet they wait for your message. Return to the Great City despite all its chaos, its corruption. Do as you have promised.'

". . . and so, Socrates, it is with you and me. We must not be discouraged nor despondent. God is with those who will do His bidding in the fight for truth on all fronts. Action into prayer, even as Isaiah, JESUS, the SON OF GOD, His disciples. The cost of such a program is often martyrdom—yet martyrdom in defense of truth is a sure way to heaven.

". . .and now you know, Socrates, why I must go on telling the truth, exposing the enemy where I find him—till the battle is won. Truth will always live."

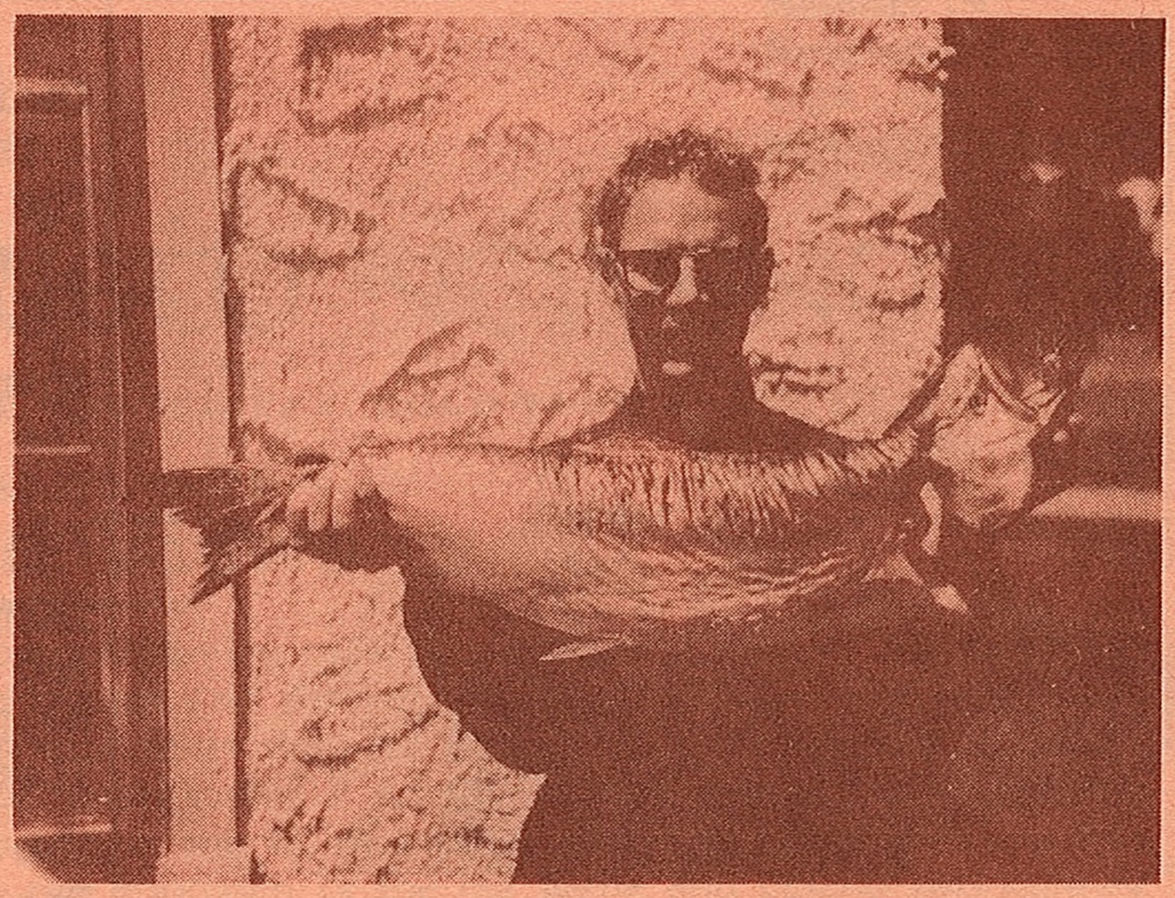
"Now, I know," said Socrates, "that my words will not change the routing of your course. God love you!"

"Thank you," I said.

WHAT IS IT ALL?

What is it all when all is told,
This constant striving for fame
or gold,
The fleeting joys, the bitter
tears,
We are only here a few short
years.
Nothing our own but the silent
past,
Loving or hating, nothing can
last!
What is it all, but a passing
through.
A cross for me and a cross for
you,
Our seems heavy, while others
seem light
But God in the end, makes all
things right!
He tempers the wind with such
loving care,
He knows the burdens each can
bear,
Then He changes life's gray into
heavenly gold.
Ah! that is all, when all is told!

Anonymous



Fishermen dream about bringing home that really big one. The first week in August I brought home the beauty you see above. It's a Puget Sound salmon!

After nearly 10 years I finally had a chance to make another week-long backpack trip into the rugged San Juan Wilderness Area. This time it was over the Labor Day weekend with cousins Jerry Piquette and Bill Bouchard.

My mother, Vivian Jones, and her sister, Frances Byrne, have had a ball remodeling and landscaping around a cabin which they purchased this summer.

Father Frederick Schell, a traditional Catholic priest from Van Nuys, California, visited Colorado during August. We spent a couple very pleasant days together. Cripple Creek and the Royal Gorge were two of the main places Father got to see on his little vacation.

We must see life in its true light.
It is an instant between two eternities.

Time is but a mirage, a dream; already, God sees us in glory; He rejoices in our everlasting bliss.

Heaven does exist - a Heaven peopled with those who cherish me.

St Thérèse of the Child Jesus

Five of us made a memorable 4-day trip into "Big Fish" lake during July. At the left is cousin John Ruminer of White Rock, New. Mexico, admiring a nice catch.

THANKSGIVING

Dear Father, in heaven, up above
I thank Thee, for Thy great love.
Too many blessing, I take for granted,
all year thru.
For all I have, O Lord, I owe to You.

When I gaze at the heavens, in the night
The moon and stars, do greet my sight.
This wonderful earth, I am free to roam
For Thou hast given it to me, for my home.

Thou hast given me the very air I breathe,
And You give me comfort, when I grieve.
My parents, children, home and health,
These, Thou hast given me, for wealth.

The rain, the snow, the food we eat,
The water we drink, so pure and sweet.
The grass and flowers, the trees tha grow
For our cattle and sheep, the hay to mow.

"Thank You" seems so small to say
For the many blessings You've given us day by day,
Yet, at times, many days go by
For time to say, "Thank you", I don't try.

When it's something I want, I find time to ask
Even while doing a gigantic task.
Help me, O Lord, each night as I pray
To remember, <u>everyday</u> is Thanksgiving Day!

Regina Hurst

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